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## THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ANN ROYALL, 1769-1854.

By MISS SARAH HARVEY PORTER.

(Read before the Society, March 12, 1906.)

In overflowing measure, ridicule, injustice and villifying persecution were poured upon Ann Royall while she yet walked on earth—the most widely known woman of her day and country. Dead, she has been long forgotten. Nine readers out of ten, seeing her name in print, will ask, “Who was Ann Royall?”

Even in the city of Washington, the scene of her greatest and longest activity, Mrs. Royall is thought of, by the few who think of her at all, as a shrill-tongued old infidel, beggar and blackmailer who, convicted by jury of being a common scold, narrowly escaped an official ducking in the Potomac River. This unpleasant picture of Ann Royall, along with a mythical story that she was for years a captive among Indians, is preserved in several more or less gossipy contributions to *Washingtoniana* and from them has been copied, almost word for word, by the biographical dictionaries and encyclopaedias.

The results of a year's research into the facts of Mrs. Royall's long and adventurous life, supplemented by careful reading of her ten volumes of “*Travels in the United States*” and the files of her weekly newspapers published for a quarter of a century in this city, seem to show that the woman was really far less black than she has been painted.

Ann Royall, however, is not a figure of historic national importance. Neither do her writings possess

sufficient intrinsic merit to rank as literature. Nevertheless, there are good reasons why the dust of oblivion and prejudice should be blown from her tomb. In the first place, justice is due her. It is never too late to right a wrong, where biography is concerned. Ann Royall's lifespan stretched from George the Third to the political rise of Abraham Lincoln. Her personal history is more closely intertwined with, and more analogous to, the growth of our republic than that of any other woman of whom record is preserved. Her courage deserves remembrance. At a time when a narrow, and now obsolete, theology reigned almost supreme in the United States, Ann Royall dared to think her own thoughts and proclaim them from the house-tops—often, it must be confessed, in ungente words. In regard to Calvinistic dogmas she stood exactly where the churches that condemned her stand themselves to-day. Mrs. Royall was an observant traveler. She visited every city, town and village of importance in the United States of her day. Her recorded impressions and descriptions of her journeyings are of considerable sociological interest to the student of American culture-history. She was a pioneer woman-journalist. During thirty years, it is safe to say, there was not a famous man or woman in the country whom she did not interview. Many of her clever pen-portraits of noted Americans are of extreme historical value. During the long Jacksonian era she was a force. Against that shadowy army, the alleged secret church and state party, she wielded her free-lance with superb courage and telling effect. She materially aided the cause of free-masonry. In short, Ann Royall's life, in personal desire, thought and effort, made for race-advancement. Why, then, the question is quickly asked, has Ann Royall been forgotten?—the implication of the query

being that the world remembers everybody worth remembering. The world does no such thing. For instance, the world has quite forgotten Hubert Languet, the man who made Sir Philip Sidney what he became—the ideal answering to the word “gentleman” wherever the English language is spoken. Yet, not oftener than once in a century is a mind like that of Hubert Languet embodied on this planet. Even at its calmest, the world is always in a hurry. When great social and political changes come tumbling over each other many men and women worthy of remembrance go under and never reappear upon the sea of popular thought. The cataclysm of the civil war in our own country buried hundreds of able thinkers and doers, many of them persons of far greater importance than Ann Royall. Furthermore, the causes for which Mrs. Royall worked—sound money, Sunday mail transportation, states rights and the like,—were not soul-compelling. They appealed to reason and common-sense rather than to the emotions. It was Mrs. Royall’s misfortune not to live in Boston. New England always remembers her minor as well as her major prophets—those that she stoned, no less than those she received gladly. Washington, on the other hand, has been until very recently a city of shifting population. Each administration brought in its own celebrities. The old ones, especially the shabby old ones, like Ann Royall, were soon lost to sight. Not until the formation of the Columbia Historical Society did either Washington city, or the country at large, realize what a mine of wealth, information relating to every phase of American development, lay at the national capital waiting to be worked.

But after all, the main reason why Ann Royall should be resurrected is the fact that, although long entombed, she is still very much alive. To speak in the vernacu-

lar, she is very good fun. Her personality is so strong, her turns of speech are so unexpected, her common-sense is so refreshing and her ability, in controversy, to hit the nail on the head is so unfailing that any reader with the slightest sense of humor must find her decidedly entertaining.

To her pioneer childhood may be traced, in large part, that fearless, outspoken independence which raised many enemies against Ann Newport Royall. For a long time in the history of our country the term "west" was very loosely used to denote the entire region lying beyond the Allegheny mountains and extending from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico. The men and women who pushed forward from the older settlements into this so-called "western" wilderness sought neither gold, nor silver nor the establishment of any one form of religious faith. Their sole object was to secure that blessing most highly prized in all ages by the Anglo-Saxon heart—a private home. Out of the home, through common privation, danger and neighborly cooperation, civic ethics was born.

From Maryland, about the year 1772, went forth a man called William Newport accompanied by his wife, Mary, and two little daughters. The elder daughter, named Ann for the English Queen, Anne, was then three years old. Ann Newport was born in Maryland, June 11, 1769. In 1775 we find the Newports living on a wooded hill in Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania, near the mouth of the Loyalhanna.

A mystery hangs over William Newport. He was a tory and took many long journeys on secret errands. There are indications that he was a discontented man, though kind and affectionate toward his family. He was a man of education. He taught his elder daughter the rudiments of reading by the then uncommon method

of phonetic resemblance and kept her supplied with children's books even in their forest home. There is a bare possibility that, under the disadvantage of the bar sinister, Calvert and, therefore, again under the bar sinister through that merry monarch, Charles II., Stuart blood flowed in William Newport's veins. The value of the result for present purposes hardly justifies working out the uncertain and intricate genealogical Calvert hypothesis. One or two curious suggestions concerning it, however, are worth mentioning. In a letter to Governor Sharpe, dated 1767, Lord Baltimore writes from London:

"An absurd Report, I am informed, has been spread through the Province that my late uncle, Mr Calvert's son was doubted to be Legitimate and consequently I had settled the Province after my death on him. Whereas, Mr Calvert who has appointed me by his will his Executor, expressly declares him as not Legitimate, and before his death gott me to give him an annuity by the name he goes by of Mr Newport, son of Judith, I forgett her name."

An old Maryland list of persons to whom public allowances were made records, "Four hundred Pounds of Tobacco to William Newport." When the proprietary government fell, of course all annuities, whether paid in money or tobacco, ceased. About that time William Newport left Maryland forever. Undoubtedly, Father William Matthews, long pastor of Saint Patrick's church in Washington, and confidential adviser of many old Maryland families and persons connected with English nobility, knew the story of Ann Royall's father. In spite of their wide difference of opinion upon religion, Father Matthews remained Ann's closest friend in Washington from the day of her arrival in the city up to the time of his death in 1852. Ann, herself, always interested in the present

rather than in the past, only once alludes to her descent. There she says:

“I am of noble blood but I consider no title so honorable as that of American citizen. I have no desire to claim alliance with royalty.”

William Newport’s cabin was considered the best-furnished on the frontier. Here, on the Loyalhanna, Ann Royall came into her own. She learned to read. She says:

“After receiving a little insight from my father into the sounds of letters and putting them together, I went out and sat alone upon a small stump before the cabin door and went through several pages by myself. I learned to read in the course of the afternoon. The joy I felt in this accomplishment was unspeakably great.”

From one place to another the Newports were driven by Indians. Often, at dead of night, came the light tapping of an “express” against a back door or window as warning that the savages were near. Hurriedly, in the darkness, the family dressed and, with the stillness of death, fled to the nearest fort. William Newport soon succumbed to the rigor of pioneer life. His widow married a man named Butler of Hannastown, Pennsylvania—the first place west of the Alleghenies where the white man ruled under legal forms. At Hannastown, Ann Newport, playing by the roadside with other children, saw the new flag of the new United States carried by soldiers of the American Revolution. Writing long afterward, the twenty-second of February, she says:

“This day, the anniversary of our beloved Washington, the star-spangled banner is waving before my window. I never see the national colors without recalling the day when I first saw the brilliant striped flag. The whole scene repasses before



me and with it all the sufferings of those trying times. I suffered all that human nature could bear both with cold and hunger. Oh, ye wealthy of those times, little idea had ye of what the poor frontier settlers suffered: often running for our lives to the forts, the Indians pursuing and shooting at us. At other times lying concealed in brushwood, exposed to rain and snakes, for days and nights without food, and almost without clothes. We were half the time without salt or bread. We pinned our scanty clothing with thorns. I never saw a pin until I was as tall as I am now. We lived on bear's meat and dried venison."

Hannastown was totally destroyed by Indians July 13, 1782. "On that day," writes Ann, "my heart first learned the nature of care." Sixty women and girls, loaded down with plunder, were driven northward by the savages through scenes of awful slaughter. Tradition has long insisted that Ann Newport was one of these captives and that she was rescued by the man whom she afterward married. There are facts which seem to disprove this story. It is known that Mrs. Butler, again a widow, wandered back to Staunton, Va., where she had relatives named Anderson. The following sketch of Ann's first meeting with her future husband, furnished by Mrs. Eva Grant Maloney, of Craig City, Va., is undoubtedly correct. Mrs. Maloney writes:

"In early days there was no wagon-road from Fincastle to Staunton—two frontier posts—to the Sweet Springs. People walked the footpaths or took pack-saddle trains. At what was Middle mountain my great-grandfather, Thomas Price, a Lieutenant in the Revolutionary war, lived. One of his friends and neighbors, Captain William Royall, lived about fourteen miles farther west on what was called Sweet Springs mountain. People going to Royall's necessarily passed Price's and stopped both going and coming. William Royall was an elderly gentleman and considered very learned, possessing a

great store of books which were treasures in the isolated fastnesses of the mountains. Many settlers made their way to the Sweet Springs for the cure of skin diseases. Among those who came and stopped at my great-grandfather's for rest and food, was a poor woman much afflicted with sores and what we now call blood-poison. This white woman had a child with her and that child was Ann Royall. The woman, Ann's mother, went to the Sweet Springs mountain and was taken in by the wealthy and eccentric old Captain Royall. She was his wash-woman and menial—a subject of reproach, of course, to the slave-owning aristocratic neighbors, for few white women on the frontier had to be servants and those only of the lowest class. Now old William Royall took an interest in little Ann and taught her until she became the most learned woman in all the country. He had a store of fine books and Ann read them all. She also read every book belonging to the neighbors. Nobody around here ever heard that she was once a captive among Indians. Probably her rescue was from ignorance and starvation."

Mrs. Maloney's information comes from trustworthy sources. It may be added that Mrs. Royall, in the millions of words that she wrote, nowhere states that she was ever held in captivity. William Royall and Ann Newport were married in Botetourt County, Va., by the Reverend William Martin, November 18, 1797, according to the marriage certificate still preserved. But Mrs. Royall disputes the date. She says:

"I am sure we were married in May. The leaves were budding, the dogwood was in bloom and I was out sowing seeds when a messenger came with a saddle-horse for me to go and get married."

William Royall was a good husband of the bluff, eighteenth century British squire type. Half a dozen times a year, sometimes oftener, he made his wife handsome presents of property in land, slaves and houses. It was Ann's nature, too, to give and during the sixteen

years of her married life she experienced the joy, to her the greatest joy that could be vouchsafed, of scattering her bounty broadcast among the sick, the needy and the sinful. Sinners always fared well where Ann Royall was—not because she condoned the sin, but because she had unwavering faith in the reclamatory power of sympathy. At this time Ann was most pleasing in person. She was fair, short, and as plump as a partridge. Her cheeks were pink. Her eyes were blue and she had remarkably fine, white teeth which showed to advantage when she laughed which, says one who knew her, she was always doing.

In winter evenings, seated beside the blazing fire in the great hall, husband and wife read much together. French thought, filtered through the mind of Thomas Jefferson, colored all William Royall's philosophy. Moreover, he had served under Lafayette and passionately admired that gallant Frenchman. Captain Royall had done good service to his country. He raised the first Virginia company, one of his men being Patrick Henry, and remained in the army throughout the entire war. Often, during these evening talks, Royall told Ann of his boyhood in Amelia County and descanted on the virtues of masonry, telling his wife what she afterward had good reason to remember and practice—"If ever you are in trouble go to a mason."

The first winter's reading included a full course in Voltaire. Ann's mind was ever hungry. She shared every view, liking or aversion held by her husband. To each she added a fire of enthusiasm that warmed the cockles of the old warrior's heart. William Royall's humor was of the dry, quiet, rather cynical order. Ann's, was an ever-bubbling spring constantly fed by the little, every-day happenings of plantation life. Royall did not neglect the English classics in the edu-

cation of the wild little maid that had wandered to his door. Ann knew Shakespeare and Goldsmith by heart. But above all else, history was his delight and hers. It is an odd picture—the old hermit-philosopher and the forest-bred girl following, from their mountain-fastness, the unrolling of the great world-drama from the earliest time up to their own day. If Captain Royall taught Ann that the recent act, in which he, himself, had taken part—the American Revolution—was the most significant and glorious in the long series, who shall blame him? Perhaps it was.

William Royall died in 1813. By his will he left all his property, with the exception of two small legacies, to his wife during her lifetime or during her widowhood. Relatives of Royall at once disputed the will. Ten years of litigation followed. From 1817 to 1823 Mrs. Royall spent much time in the south. She traveled very comfortably with two slaves—a maid and a courier. A new life began. For the first time she was free. Her marriage, though loving and happy, had been a sort of King Cophetua and beggar-maid union. She had been completely shut out from the world by the bleak mountain walls around Sweet Springs. Almost exultantly she writes from Tennessee:

“Hitherto, I have learned mankind only in theory—but I am now studying him in practice. One learns more in a day by mixing with mankind than one can in an age shut up in a closet.”

In a correspondence preserved under the title of “Letters from Alabama,” we may see Mrs. Royall as she was in her prime—a sweet-natured, large-minded, witty, and wonderfully observant woman. The first letter, dated Cabell Court-House, November 28, 1817, gives us a glimpse of the relation sustained by Mrs.

Royall toward the young lawyer with whom she corresponded. She writes:

"DEAR MATT,

"You say you are going to Ohio to spend the winter—for your health, I presume. Better go to North Carolina or any other southern climate. Go to bed early and rise betimes in the morning. You ruin your health by sitting up late. Hang the cards! They are to be your ruin. I never knew any good come from them. They will, if you persist in them, cost you your health, your reputation, perhaps your life. Cards subject you to bad company and to bad hours. What is worse? Oh, Matt, quit them and pursue something more worthy of yourself!"

Literature, religion, politics and, especially, sociological problems are discussed in this entertaining correspondence. In these letters is clearly shown the ruling principle of Ann Royall's long life—Christian charity. Only a few extracts can here be made. At the close of a decidedly free-thought communication she says:

"A Preacher here again, as I hope to live, and he is going to preach, too. The house is filling fast—a great many women, few men. I shall put this away and join them in worship. I shall leave my prejudice behind with my ink and paper. Be he Jew or Turk I care not. In the firm belief that the worship of God is paramount to all other duties, I spurn the narrow mind which is attached to a sect or party, to the exclusion of the rest of mankind. Can I not implore the Divine mercy? Can I not praise that fountain of all excellence as sincerely with these people as with others? You will laugh and think I am jesting; but I assure you, my friend, I am serious. I am far from being among the number of those who set at naught the worship of the Deity, however much I may deplore the abominable prostitution of that religion which is pure and undefiled. Go thou and do likewise."

In season and out of season, rich or poor, old or young, Ann Royall always found time to read. She writes to Matt:

"You ask if I have books? Yes, I have read 'Salmagundi,' a very amusing book said to have been written by a Mr. Irving of New York, 'Phillip's Speeches' and Lady Morgan's 'France.' She is a woman of genius. I have also seen several *new* novels which, with the exception of Walter Scott's, I do not read. Insipid, frothy, nauseous stuff! I cannot endure them. I find these silly novels corrupt the morals of our females and engender hardness of heart. Those most pleased with fictitious distress have hearts as hard as iron. If they are pleased with one who relieves fictitious distress the reality ought to please them much more, and everyone may be a *real* hero or heroine, with less trouble than reading or writing a romance. Let them just step into the highways, the streets, or the hovels of the widow and orphans. They need not look in books for distress. I have seen pictures of real suffering which greatly exceeded the pen of any novel writer; and yet none heeds. Relieving these would be Godlike and would import a Heaven on earth."

There was no other subject upon which Ann Royall felt so deeply as that of woman's inhumanity to woman. In reply to "Matt" she writes hotly:

"You ask what I would have ladies do, take such women into their houses, associate with them?"

"Yes, if they repent, I would not only take them into my house but into my bosom. I would wipe the tears from their eyes—I would soothe their sorrows and support them in the trying hour. I would divide my last morsel with them. For those who would not repent—if they were hungry I would feed them; if they were naked I would clothe them; and much more, if they were sick, I would minister unto them. I would admonish them, and I would then have done. What did our Saviour? I would not revile them. I would not persecute them. Good night. Pardon me for once more troubling you with a long letter. I was led on by my feelings."

Mrs. Royall lived up to the creed of womanly charity that she preached. Long afterward her poor dwelling

in Washington served almost continuously as a refuge for repentant, and sometimes unrepentant, Magdalens. Often, too, Mrs. Royall's own reputation suffered thereby. Ann Royall never defended the *system* of human slavery. She would, however, have it abolished by enlightened public opinion instead of by force. After passing two lines of slave-dwellings belonging to General Jackson, "the best of masters," she writes:

"As I lingered behind the party thinking of my own negro children, the little things here flocked around me, and as they were looking up into my face, eager to be caressed, I discovered the traces of tears on some of their cheeks. The sight pierced me to the heart. Oh, Slavery, Slavery! Nothing can soften thee, thou art slavery, still! Is there no hope high Heaven?"

At last the suit to break William Royall's will was decided against his widow. Mrs. Royall was in Alabama when the bad news reached her. The world reeled. For the first time Ann Royall almost lost her grip on life. Her health became seriously impaired. She came back to Virginia, her ultimate aim being to secure a widow's pension from Congress. She spent several months in Alexandria as the guest of a good man—the proprietor of the City Hotel there. Long afterward Mrs. Royall wrote gratefully of this benefactor:

"M. H. Clagett, the friend of the friendless, the pride of mankind. If I had a diadem to dispose of I know of no man at whose feet I would rather lay it than at his. I entered his house at ten o'clock at night, the 15th of December, 1823, without a cent in my pocket or a change of raiment, badly dressed. He took me in and kept me until the 6th of April following—not in a style in keeping with my appearance, but furnished me with an elegant parlor and bed-chamber and a servant to wait on me the whole winter."

During her stay at Clagett's, Mrs. Royall prepared for the press her first book, "Sketches of History, Life and Manners in the United States." In April she went to Richmond to secure necessary papers in connection with her petition for a pension. She arrived in Washington by stage early one rainy morning in July. She was ill. She was penniless. She was friendless. She was fifty-four years old. But she had courage. With the agility of a girl she jumped from the high coach step to the ground. The goal of all her hopes, the capitol, "white as snow," loomed before her. Toward it she bent her steps. Almost at random, she knocked at the door of a house occupied by a family named Dorrett. With the honest directness which marked her whole life, Mrs. Royall told her story to the kindly woman who answered her knock. An indigent seeker of a pension has never been a rarity on Capitol Hill. The Dorretts took the stranger in ("kept me for six months without fee or reward," wrote Mrs. Royall later when rejoicing that she could at last repay them), fed her and loaned her presentable clothing. Sally, a daughter of the house of Dorrett, was especially kind to the friendless woman. After a hearty breakfast, Mrs. Royall started out to hunt up John Quincy Adams. She found him and very good, too, that so-called iceberg was to the plucky, little old woman. Adams paid in advance a subscription for her book, promised to assist her in the pension matter and invited her to call on Mrs. Adams at their residence on F Street. A little later Mrs. Royall sought out several prominent free-masons who received her with the noble kindness always shown by members of that order to the widow of a brother-mason. About this time the mysterious disappearance of Morgan, a mason who professed to reveal some of the secrets of



masonry in a published book, had riven American society. Perhaps the thought occurred to some mason, possibly Clagett, that Mrs. Royall, with her clever pen might be a valuable auxiliary to the threatened cause of masonry in the United States. At all events, she took an extended northern tour in 1824-25 during which her expenses were paid by masons. A benefit was given for her in Chatham theater, New York, by masons. Ostensibly, during this trip, Mrs. Royall was gathering material for her second set of travels, the famous "Black Book" series, but incidentally she did materially aid the cause she venerated—masonry. In every one of her books and in every issue of her newspapers Mrs. Royall fights, and fights uncommonly well, for masonry. The United States through which Ann Royall traveled was a queer country—a very far-away country it seems now. For any practical purpose electricity was not. From Portland, Maine, to Cincinnati, in distant Ohio, not a telegraph pole marred the landscape. In the majority of towns whale oil and the tallow-dip still held sway, although there was a good deal of talk, some of which Mrs. Royall chronicles amusingly, about a new illuminating agent called gas "of which," she says, "most people are deathly afraid." It was the golden age of the stage-coach. A few visionaries, however, dreamed of more rapid transit. A company called the Baltimore and Ohio was superintending strange doings upon which Mrs. Royall looked with contempt. She says:

"We came to the railroad, near the river. The notion of putting a bridge over at this point is the wildest idea for men in their senses! Why, it will take all the iron there is in this country and Europe, and where the money to pay for it is to come from nobody knows!"

The Erie Canal was the pride of the country. Not a single steamship regularly crossed the Atlantic, although the Savannah, a sailing vessel, aided by steam, had made the voyage from Liverpool to New York in the incredibly short space of twenty-six days. For months after this record-breaking passage American journals were loaded with editorials upon the subject of modern progress. A few spindles were turning in New England, but manufacturing generally was in its infancy. Stenography was an unpracticed art. There were no newspapers in the present-day sense of the word "news." No automobile devils rendered the public highways unsafe. There were, though, "fast" mail-coaches which vauntingly advertised their ability to transport passengers from Washington city to Philadelphia *in thirty hours*.

According to Mrs. Royall, in the year 1825, rich New Yorkers lived the simple life. She says:

"The native citizens of New York are about the middling size, more stout than those of Philadelphia, differing little in complexion, a slight shade darker. Black hair and a full black eye are peculiar characteristics. They lay no claim to taste or refinement. Their attention to business which pours in on them like a flood, leaves them no time to cultivate the graces. They have, however, a sort of untaught nobility in their countenances, and in all their movements. They are mild, courteous and benevolent, and above all people they have the least pride. That curse of the human family, if it exists at all in New York, is found in the lower order of her citizens; it is banished from the houses of the great and opulent. Their manners are truly republican, no eclat, hauteur or repelling stiffness, much of which exists in Philadelphia and the boasted hospitality of the more southern towns. These *are* hospitable, it is true, but the poor man is made to feel the difference between himself and his hospitable entertainers. Not so, in New York, as respects that sort of homage exacted from a fellow man. In New York all are upon a level."

To the ladies of New York, Mrs. Royall concedes style but deprecates their giving so much time to their personal adornment. She says:

“The ladies of New York do not read. This is perhaps owing to their numerous sources of amusement such as theaters, gardens, etc. The ladies of New York, however, have one excellence peculiar to them—that is their elegant and graceful walk. This excellence is attributed to their smooth, paved Broadway, upon which they practice walking to a degree that has been crowned with success.”

In Boston, on the other hand, Mrs. Royall declares, “the human mind has reached perfection.” She says:

“The excellence of the Boston ladies is found in the improvement of their minds, which gives ease to their manners, and an intelligence of countenance which forms a striking contrast to the vacant stare of many of the ladies of New York.”

Mrs. Royall chose a very hard way of earning a living. She tramped around all day, in all weathers, taking notes, holding interviews and acting as her own soliciting and delivery agent. Her books were written at night in dingy bedrooms of cheap taverns. Long after midnight her candle burned. The woman's energy, industry and perseverance were marvelous. Within a space of five years, while constantly traveling, she issued ten volumes of “Travels in the United States” and a very poor novel. The chief faults of her writing are too much detail, especially in regard to private injuries received by the author; amateurishness; intolerance of intolerance; too free use of names, even in an age when names were frankly published; hasty judgments based on feeling and exaggerated praise of friends. On the other hand, Mrs. Royall's style possesses the merits of spirit; accuracy of description; practicality; perfect clearness; a strong and

telling vocabulary; humor; an underlying ethical purpose; patriotic fervor, and *liveness*—a genuine personality makes itself felt on every page. Mrs. Royall's "Travels," in spite of their blemishes, are to-day more *readable* than those of several more cultured women of, or near, her time—Frances Wright, Mrs. Trollope, Harriet Martineau and Margaret Fuller.

To understand Ann Royall's character, to account for her writings, the reader must put himself, emotionally and intellectually, back into the age in which she lived. To do this he is forced to view, almost exclusively, the harsher side of a great religious faith to which the advancement of the United States—the advancement of the world—owes a vast debt, namely, Calvinism or, as it was then loosely called in the United States, Evangelicalism.

The best in that stern old Puritan faith survives in upright characters and useful churches and colleges of our own day. Its severer practices and teachings, mere outgrowths of monarchical despotism, have, thanks largely to natures of the Ann Royall type, fallen into deserved desuetude. Those fearful old doctrines made no man or woman spiritually content. They drove many men, women and even children insane.

"Alas!" cries Ann Royall, "when will the long catalogue be filled of the unfortunate victims of the impious and cruel dogmas of an *implacable God, an omnipotent devil and an endless hell?* Never until those horrid dogmas are banished from the earth."

In Ann Royall's time the fight was on, almost to the death, between Evangelicalism and the twin heresies of Unitarianism and Universalism. In this unyielding conflict methods were used on both sides which, in calmer times would have been condemned by both sides as dishonorable and dishonoring. Writing in 1823 to

a classmate who had left Harvard, then the fountain-head of Unitarianism, to go to Andover, the stronghold of Evangelicalism, Ralph Waldo Emerson says:

“I am delighted to hear that there is such a profound studying of German and Hebrew, Parkhurst and Jahn, and such other names as the memory aches to think of at Andover. Meantime, Unitarianism will not hide her honors. As many hard names are taken and as much theological mischief is planned at Cambridge as at Andover. By the time this generation gets upon the stage, if the controversy will not have ceased, it will have run such a tide that we shall hardly be able to speak to one another, and there will be a guelf and ghibelline quarrel which cannot tell where the differences lie.”

Into this fierce theological war Ann Royall plunged with all the ardor of her sympathetic, impetuous nature. Her chief concern was the alleged secret church and state party. Stationing herself under the very dome of the Capitol, Mrs. Royall, for thirty odd years, watched Congress as a cat watches a mousehole, to see that church and state lobbyists made no breaches in the Constitution of the United States. Unquestionably, Ann Royall *did* discover, expose and frustrate several well-laid plans to make innocent, sincere, self-denying missionaries in the West the unconscious tools of political ambition and corporate greed. Mrs. Royall's books, especially her “Black Books,” were filled with thrusts that hit their mark. She became widely hated. In Vermont an irate deacon knocked her down stairs. Her ankle was badly injured and she was laid up for a month in midwinter at Vergennes. She would have been very lonely if it had not been for a young man named Brookes. “This amiable young man,” she writes, “never missed an evening of coming to see me. He read aloud to me from some amusing book, but chiefly Sterne.” Verily, the Green mountains never

before nor since looked down upon so alien a sight as this amiable young man and supposedly Godless old Ann Royall chuckling together over "Tristram Shandy."

Naturally, when Mrs. Royall entered a town, there was something of a furore in Calvinistic circles. When she went to Cincinnati, a clerical gentleman there wrote her a letter in which he said that three thousand Christians of that town had protested against her admittance. This minister offered to meet her in public debate. Mrs. Royall replies in characteristic fashion. After thanking him for his letter, she adds:

"I would rather see one good action (and I presume God would, too) than to hear ten thousand good words. Three thousand righteous people, with their God on their side, should not be intimidated by a single old woman and one, too, who was reared in the woods amongst the Indians without the benefits of education or any religion save that of the savages. Such fear demonstrates either that your God is not able to protect you or that you are not worthy of his protection. I am one of those heathen you are so anxious to convert. I never read the Bible nor do I know the tenets of any sect. Now is the time to prove your profession. I am a heathen and have come to your door. I have saved you the trouble and expense of traveling. I am not an infidel, that is, I do not say the Bible or the Christian religion is untrue. All I say is that I do not read the Bible and I will tell you why. I was raised, as I said, among the heathen, where I learned nothing but virtue and independence. When introduced among civilized people the Bible was placed in my hands; but before I looked into it I watched the conduct of people who read it, and I found they committed murder, they robbed, they stole, they got drunk, betrayed their friends and were guilty of all kinds of abominations, and I was afraid to read the Bible lest I might do so too. You say you would have no objections to a public dispute with me under proper restrictions. I don't know what you mean

by 'proper restrictions.' But I would suppose that, armed as you are with mountains of tracts and Bibles, to say nothing of your sex, you can be in no danger from an old woman. If you are afraid of *one* heathen how are you to convert millions? and who knows (as I hear you are very pious and holy) but you *may* convert me? This blessed event would be of infinite benefit to your cause."

There is no denying the fact that for awhile after the astounding success of her "Black Books" Mrs. Royall gave herself airs to a ridiculous extent. She was happily conscious of the flutter occasioned by her entrance into a public assembly or a private house. When a person did not at once recognize her she would say, with childlike naiveté, "It is Mrs. Royall with whom you are talking." During this prosperous period money was coming in. But it soon went. Right and left she scattered it in response to real or fictitious distress. One who studies Ann Royall's interesting personality can but smile to think how she would snort and run amuck through the labyrinthine red-tape of modern associated charity. While she was still a power, Mrs. Royall often forced rich men to give to the poor. For twelve months in Washington she was lionized. In view of all she had suffered before and of all she was to suffer afterward, few readers will begrudge Mrs. Royall her one short year of gratified vanity. Her fall was near.

Mrs. Royall had a formidable host against her. All the Evangelical ministers of the country, except a few whose sense of humor was stronger than their theology, hated her with what they believed to be godly zeal. Their congregations, as a unit, abhorred her. Politicians whose elections depended on the influence of church members, and there were then few outside that category, were tacitly pledged to discountenance

her. The anti-masons would gladly have torn her to pieces. A regiment of office-holders in Washington resented her nosing through the departments frequently to discover their shortcomings as servants of the people. The money power, represented by the great United States bank and its stockholders, was solidly against her. Against that largest trust of her day plucky Ann Royall took up cudgels long before Andrew Jackson thought of attacking it. With the foolhardy daring of a free-lance, Mrs. Royall laughed in the faces of her enemies. When her laughter began to be loudly echoed by a large minority of the reading public, the enemies got together and decided that "something must be done." Something was done—something so infamous that, in Mrs. Royall's own words, and they are none too strong, "all the waters of the Potomac can never wash out its baseness." In the year 1829, at the capital city of the nation whose birth she had witnessed, old Ann Royall was arrested, tried and convicted on the charge of being a common scold. As nearly as can be found out at this distance of time two of the chief instigators of the arrest were clergymen who figured, not greatly to their credit, in the Mrs. Eaton or Peggy O'Neil scandal which broke up Jackson's cabinet. Pretext for concerted action was found in the unpleasant relations which existed between Mrs. Royall and a small Presbyterian congregation which worshipped, almost continuously night and day, in an engine house near her dwelling. Ann Royall is the only person ever tried in the United States on the charge of being a common scold. A formal complaint against her was entered. She was called before the District authorities and examined. No law being found by which the alleged offense could be punished, the case was dismissed. Then a mighty



howl went up from the prosecutors. Immense, though hidden, pressure was brought to bear on the judges. The result was such a scurrying around to find a law to convict as was never seen outside a comic opera. The formal report of Chief Justice Cranch to the Supreme Court on the case of "The United States against Ann Royall" is almost as funny as Mrs. Royall's own account of this legal absurdity. The general understanding of the English law, obsolete even in England long before the date of Mrs. Royall's trial, was that ducking was the only legal punishment for the offense. Judge Cranch balked at ducking Mrs. Royall. Therefore the statutes were ransacked to find authority to impose a fine or imprisonment. The following is a specimen of arguments solemnly used by learned judges of the U. S. court in relation to an old woman who, very likely, *had* used her tongue intemperately when Capitol Hill boys threw stones at her windows. The report says:

"Lord Coke declares 'Trebucket or Castigatory, named in the statute 31st to 219, signifieth a cucking-stool; and trebuckle is properly a pitfall, or downfall, and in law signifieth a stool that falleth down into a pit of water, for the punishment of the party in it; and chuck, or guck, in the Saxon tongue signifieth to brawl (taken from cuckhaw, or guckhaw, a bird, qui odiose jurgat et rixatur) and ing, in that language water; because she was for her punishment soused in water; and others fetch it from c-u-c-k—queani pellex.'"

A discussion of great length followed this luminous citation. A model of a ducking-stool was made by the court's order at the navy yard and exhibited before their honors. More researches into English history and old English law followed. The upshot was that a law was finally patched up under which old Ann Royall, author of the "Black Books," might be brought

to trial. As her lawyer, Mr. Cox, told her, "Madam, yesterday there was no law to punish you. To-day, it seems, one has been found."

Mrs. Royall writes:

"At length the trial came on. There were three counts in the indictment, 1 A public Nuisance, 2 A common Brawler, 3 A common Scold. The first two charges were dismissed. The third was sustained and I made my courtesy before their Honors, Judge Cranch, Thruston and the sweet Morsel. Judge Cranch was formerly described as resembling Judge Marshall. This is incorrect. He is younger than the chief Justice, has a longer face with a good deal of the pumpkin in it (though my friend said the pumpkin was in his head). Let this be as it may, I was always partial to Judge Cranch because he was a Yankee and a Unitarian and a near relation of my friend, Ex-President Adams, whom I shall always remember with gratitude."

At this point in her narrative, Mrs. Royall breaks off to defend both Adams and Jackson, saying that "Pope Ely" was responsible for much of the recent campaign-lying. She resumes:

"Judge Thruston is about the same age as Judge Cranch and harder featured. He is laughing-proof. He looks as though he had sat upon the rack all his life and lived on crab-apples."

The court-house was packed to the doors, for this rejuvenescence of European medievalism—the trial of a common scold—awakened interest all over the United States. Fifteen witnesses were summoned by the prosecution, twelve of whom came. The chief witness against Mrs. Royall was an employe of the government and a prominent member of the engine house congregation. Mr. Watterston, Librarian of Congress, and Mr. Tims, door-keeper of the Senate, were among the witnesses. The three judges sat in as solemn and

dignified state as though a case of high treason demanded their attention. Mrs. Royall says:

"I shall make a proposition to my friends in Congress to have the whole scene painted and put in the rotunda of the Capitol with our national paintings, reserving a conspicuous place for myself."

She gives a few graphic pen-pictures of witnesses:

"Mr. H. of the Senate came next. He looked like Satan's walking-stick. Mr. C is a good natured simpleton. His very countenance is a talisman to mirth. He said he hated to tell the worst thing I ever said. But the judge said, 'We must have it, sir.' Mr. C. answered, 'I was out walking with some ladies one day, and Mrs. Royall asked me if I was not ashamed to be seen walking with them old maids. Well, perhaps they were old maids. No, they wasn't, for one of them was my sister.'"

The bar of Washington, at that date, like the friends of the versatile Mr. Jingle in "Pickwick," must have been easily amused for this colloquy set the court-room in a roar.

The Librarian of Congress, it was remarked, "seemed uneasy on the stand." No wonder. Mr. Watterston was not a fool and he probably hated to appear like one. The old woman against whom he was testifying had more than once done him a good turn. Mrs. Royall says:

"My friend, Watterston, followed. He is a learned man in Israel. He paid me many compliments alike honorable to himself and to me. He said I called all Presbyterians cut-throats. I suppose he learned his speech out of the Sunday-school Union books."

Many admirers of the Bard of Avon have regretted the weak expression on the face of the Stratford bust but it remained for Ann Royall to work that fatuous look into an effective simile. She says:

“Mr. D. is another walking-staff. His hair is macaroni, his arms over five feet extended, his face pale, his nose hooked, with a gray goggle eye, and Shakespeare’s smile.”

She writes of her own side :

“I had but few witnesses, knowing how it would all end—Secretary Eaton and a few ladies. Their testimony was clear and unequivocal, and directly opposed to the testimony of the prosecution. Mr. Tims was true gold. He said he never knew me to slander but two people and that was when I said he and Mr. Watterston were the two cleverest and handsomest men in the city.”

The defendant made a short but spirited address to the jury—all Bladensburg men. Wholly against the evidence, the jury brought in a verdict of “guilty.” Mrs. Royall was sentenced to pay a fine of ten dollars and required to keep the peace for one year. Security to the amount of two hundred dollars was demanded. Mrs. Royall summarizes the effect of the trial upon judges and prosecuting witnesses thus :

“This verdict was pumpkin pie to Judge Cranch. The sweet Morsel licked out his tongue. Judge Thruston looked as fiery as Mount Etna, so displeased was he with the result. The sound Presbyterians gave thanks and I requested the Marshall, the next time I was tried, to summon twelve tom-cats instead of Bladensburg men.”

Although Mrs. Royall showed herself game to the end of the farce, she was really much shaken by the trial. The ordeal was a great strain for a woman of her years. She was never quite strong again. The ignominy seared deep. Her enemies had won. Henceforth Ann Royall would go branded. But she was not left wholly alone on this hardest day of her hard life. There was always a young man to stand by Ann Royall. When, a little shakily, she stepped out of the dock, she

was met by two reporters from the *Intelligencer*, Thomas Dowling and a Mr. Donahue, who furnished her security. Of another young man on this disgraceful day she says:

“Of all human beings young Master Wallack was most attentive. This amiable youth hung over my chair the whole time with the affection of a son. With his head bent close to my ear he would whisper, ‘What do you want, Mrs. Royall? Tell me if you wish anything and I will get it for you.’”

In 1831 Mrs. Royall decided to settle down in Washington as a newspaper editor. The first copy of her first newspaper, *Paul Pry* (now one of the rarest “finds” of the American bibliophile) was issued December 3, 1831. A part of its prospectus is worthy and dignified. The remainder, trying to be funny, runs into silliness. The editor of *Paul Pry* announces:

“Our course will be a straightforward one as heretofore. The same firmness which has ever maintained our pen will be continued. To this end, let it be understood that we are of no party. We will neither oppose nor advocate any man for the Presidency. The welfare and happiness of our country is our politics. To promote this we shall oppose and expose all and every species of political evil, and religious fraud without fear, favor or affection. We shall patronize merit of whatever sect, country or politics. We shall advocate the liberty of the Press, the liberty of Speech and the liberty of Conscience. The enemies of these bulwarks of our common safety, as they have shown none, shall receive no mercy at our hands.”

The misleading name of her first paper harmed Mrs. Royall enormously, both in the eyes of her contemporaries and of posterity, suggesting, as it does, personal gossip of a totally different and less clean nature than the free and honest, though often tactless and ill-judged, criticism which Mrs. Royall poured out

weekly. Furthermore, several vile sheets of a later date, notably the *Paul Pry and Viper's Sting*, of Baltimore, in 1848, adopted the name. A careless public easily confused Mrs. Royall with these slanderous society publications. Even at the risk of wearying repetition, the truth must be insisted upon that Ann Royall's bitter invective was never of a low character. She pried into no closets to discover family skeletons. She dealt not in innuendo. She never attacked women. She fought only men whom she honestly believed to be plotting to overthrow that government whose up-building had cost the blood and tears and treasure of two wars.

When Mrs. Royall launched her powder-laden little cockle-shells upon the rough sea of American journalism big craft were anchored at Washington. There were Duff Green's *Telegraph* which had recently deserted Jackson to serve his enemy, Adams; the *Globe*, the most powerfully trenchant party organ, probably, which the United States has ever produced, under the superb management of that great editor, Francis P. Blair, assisted by Amos Kendall and John C. Rives; and the *National Intelligencer*, under Gales and Seaton. The two men just mentioned were especially kind to Ann Royall during many years, and the one great blot on *Paul Pry* is its editor's attempt to be witty at the expense of Mr. Gales whom, in imitation of a silly journalistic custom, she constantly referred to as "Josy" or "Jo-EE." She took care, though, to explain that she was not fighting Mr. Gales personally but, instead, the policy of his paper on the bank question. She says:

"I should be a traitor if I let my gratitude to Mr. Gales keep me from attacking him as the author of sentiments which spell *ruin* for our country."

Toward the big papers Mrs. Royall's journals acted, much of the time, like stinging little gadflies. Her frequent assertion that she never meddled with politics had just about as much foundation in fact as Sir Anthony Absolute's claim that he was calm. The truth is, there was not a political battle fought in Washington for thirty-one years about which Ann Royall did not have—or, rather, *fling*, her say.

Although a painfully amateur little sheet *Paul Pry* mastered at least one secret of newspaper success. It learned to blow its own horn. In the last number (before *Paul Pry* was merged into its really able successor, the *Huntress*, in 1836), the editor rehearses at length the services which her paper has rendered. She says:

“Always in the van of the editorial corps and attacking the enemies of the country in their strongholds, Paul Pry dragged them into the open day and pointed them out to the people. Paul Pry was the first to sound the note of alarm that there were traitors in the camp. It was the first to proclaim the abandonment of Reform by General Jackson. It was the first to discover and to challenge the organization of the Office Holders as a party, at the 4th of July celebration at Pittsburg and Brownsville in 1833. It was the first to discover and the first to challenge the Post Office frauds. It was the first that challenged the Indian land frauds of the great land companies, and the perfidy of the southern Jackson men in selling the country to Mr. Van Buren and his political intriguers, to conceal those frauds. Paul Pry was the first to put a stop to the enormous swindling of a knot of ‘God’s people,’ as they impiously call themselves. Millions of dollars were swallowed up by this concern (thank God for removing two of them) under pretense of drawing money for corporation debts from Congress. Paul Pry was the first to trace these pious rogues to their den and drag them forth (may a speedy vengeance overtake them) to the light of day.

“And it is to Paul Pry that the citizens of Washington are

chiefly indebted for the last act of Congress in behalf of their Holland debt, by putting it out of the power of this pious B. to finger the cash. In return we are proud to acknowledge that the citizens of Washington have ever been the able, willing and untiring friends of Paul Pry. A thousand years of service of ten such papers rendered to such people could not nor would not repay them."

From active dislike and prejudice in the beginning, Mrs. Royall gradually became deeply attached to this city.

Editors of secular papers all over the country sustained a kind of "Hail-fellow, well met" attitude toward Mrs. Royall, but the Evangelical press was solidly against her, of course. The following extract from the *New England Religious Weekly* shows that all the blackguarding did not come from Ann's side of the fighting-line. The *Religious Weekly* says:

"Ann Royall, Esq.—Mistress Ann Royall, author of the 'Black Books' and sundry other blackguard publications, has forgotten her late conviction by a jury of the crime of being a common scold and public nuisance, and is now applying herself to her old vocation with all the virulence of a Meg Merrilies. The old hag publishes a weekly paper at Washington, yeclaped the 'Paul Pry,' which is a strong Jackson print and contains all the billingsgate and political filth extant."

"Wonder in what part of the Bible he found that?" is Mrs. Royall's comment upon this flattering notice of herself.

Through the mistakes of her first paper Mrs. Royall learned to edit her second one admirably. The *Huntress* (1836-1854) was for a long period an excellent and entertaining journal—always excepting, of course, editorial matter distasteful to persons holding strict Calvinistic views, to dishonest officials, and to anti-masons. No editor ever cherished a higher ideal



of what the press *should* be than Ann Royall. "Education, the main pillar in the temple of Liberty," was the motto which she placed across the front page of the *Huntress*. Mrs. Royall's editorial utterances were often stolen. Even a late two volume historical work quotes a full editorial from *Paul Pry* with only the vague introduction, "A Washington paper of the time said —." The author of this historical work also quotes, with due and full acknowledgment, from the *Globe* and the *Intelligencer* of Washington.

Verily, the ghost of bigotry walks long. Seventy-five years have passed and still an American historian fears, apparently, that he may detract from the dignity of his book by openly crediting the words that vivify his description to the woman who wrote them—a woman whose sole crime was that she cried out, *screamed* out, termagant-like, if you will, to those whom she honestly believed to be pharisees and money-changers, defiling the temple of Liberty—"Away with ye, hypocrites and thieves!"

During her long residence in Washington, Mrs. Royall lived in several different places on Capitol Hill, but her favorite dwelling, the one in which she died, was on B Street, two doors from Second—a spot now included within the grounds of the Library of Congress. Sally Stack, a widow, formerly Sally Dorrett, lived with Mrs. Royall. Of Sally, Mrs. Royall writes affectionately:

"For seventeen years her fidelity, industry, and dispatch of business have never been surpassed. She is one of a thousand. Undaunted yet modest and humble. Fleet as a fawn, one moment you lose sight of her on 3d Street, and the next she will reappear from 12th or 13th. Again, she is off like a bird. She will face the fiercest storms whether of wind, rain or snow. Often have I been pained to see her come in

with a cheerful laugh, though wet to the skin, and all this without fee or reward."

Of the hope deferred that maketh the heart sick, the two poverty-stricken women bore their full share. Again and again the pension bill that meant so much to both failed to pass. Mrs. Royall's claim became a joke in Congress—sometimes a cruel joke. One day a northern member, meeting the old lady in a corridor, said:

"Ah, so glad to meet you, Mrs. Royall! Honorable Mr. S. wishes to speak with you. He is in Committee room 3."

Instantly elated, Mrs. Royall hurried to the room indicated only to find Honorable Mr. S. asleep and snoring on a sofa. In other ways well-fed and better-versed congressmen made merry at her expense. Once somebody nominated her for public printer—a joke that tickled the legislative sense of humor mightily. She became the "Miss Flite" of Congress. Old Ann Royall was probably one of the first persons in the United States to whom the term "crank" was applied. At last, when she was in her eightieth year, she received a lump sum of money in lieu of a pension. In the Congress which made this grant was a long, lank member who was always kind to the poor old woman. He hailed from Illinois, and his name was—ABRAHAM LINCOLN. The law provided that other legal heirs than the wife should share in the allowance made by the government. In consequence, Mrs. Royall received little. She writes:

"The heirs at law took half our commutation money and the remainder we owed to those who had trusted us, the dear people: Sally got seven and I had three dollars out of the twelve hundred."

Of her closing years it is not necessary to speak in detail. Ann Royall's bitterly poor old age has con-

tributed a facetious paragraph to nearly every book that has been written about early Washington. Often she was forced to beg. But she never felt that she was begging. She believed that her little newspaper, offered in exchange, was a fair equivalent for what she received. In 1854, because of failing physical strength, she was obliged to contract the *Huntress* to the size of a child's paper.

Few women eighty-five years old could fill even so small a newspaper as well as Mrs. Royall did. Fewer still, at so advanced an age, would start out with such resolute cheer. The leading editorial of the first number in what she bravely called "a new series of the *Huntress*," is full of hope. The main article is on the fugitive slave excitement in Boston when an attempt was made to remand the negro, Burns, to his owner, Captain Suttle. Again, Mrs. Royall declares that she does not object to abolition itself, but to the use that is made of it as a cloak for the state and church party. The second number contains an excellent pen-portrait of Franklin Pierce, then President of the United States.

But the flickering physical strength of the aged woman could not long keep up with her unwaning brain energy. The summer of 1854 was intensely hot in Washington. July 2, Mrs. Royall issued the number of the *Huntress* which, although she did not know it, was to be her valedictory. After analyzing the Kansas-Nebraska Bill with all her old-time vigor of language, and saying a few words on the tariff (Ann Royall is, perhaps, the only American woman who ever understood all the ins and outs of *any* tariff legislation) she regrets that she missed hearing Dr. John Lord's recent historical lecture. In the last editorial she would ever write she says:

"We trust in Heaven for three things. First, that Members may give us the means to pay for this paper—perhaps three or four cents a Member—a few of them are behindhand in their subscriptions. Our printer is a poor man. We have only thirty-one cents in the world, and for the first time since we have resided in this city—thirty-one years—we were unable to pay our last month's rent, only six dollars. Had not our landlord been one of the best of men we should have been stript by this time. But we shall get that from our humble friends. Second, we pray that Washington may escape that dreadful scourge, the Cholera. Our third prayer is [and these were Ann Royall's last printed words] *that the union of these states may be eternal.*"

Quietly, almost painlessly, old Mrs. Royall died the first day of October, 1854. The world had run by her. Washington papers announced her death only by the following curt notice:

"Yesterday morning, the first inst. Mrs. Ann Royall, at a very advanced age. Her funeral will take place this afternoon at three o'clock from her late residence on B Street, Capitol Hill, where her acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend without further notice."

Next day the *Intelligencer* contained two columns reviewing the life and work of Madame De Sevigné. Of the able *American* woman whose whole life's thought was given to her country's welfare not one word was spoken.

In the Congressional cemetery, surrounded by the cenotaphs of many of the statesmen who in life feared or courted her pen, almost within a stone's throw of the great white dome toward which her heart-strings and her brain-fibers were ever turning—Ann Royall, war-worn widow of a gallant officer of the American Revolution, lies forgotten in a sunken, unmarked grave.

Just a few words in conclusion. A man who reads everything he can lay his hands on relating to the development of the United States and who knows Mrs. Royall's writings, well has said:

"After all, when one studies the causes for which she stood one can't help feeling that the old lady was about right on every subject she tackled."

There is much truth in that homely judgment. Summarized, the main causes for which Ann Royall fought were: Entire separation of church and state, in spirit and letter; exposure and punishment of corrupt officials; sound money; public schools in all parts of the country, free from sectarian bias or control; masonry; justice to the Indians; liberal immigration laws; transportation of mails on Sunday; internal improvements; territorial expansion; liberal appropriations for scientific investigation; equal and just tariff laws—no nullification; states rights in regard to the slavery question; betterment of conditions of wage-earners; free thought, free speech and a free press; good works instead of long prayers.

How much Ann Royall really accomplished for any, or for all, these causes is a matter of secondary importance. The significant fact is that, for more than thirty years, Ann Royall was a *voice*, a strident voice, crying out for national righteousness—at a time, too, when nearly all other American women of the pen were uttering themselves in sentimental verse or milk and water prose.

Mrs. Royall's manner of presenting her arguments against men, measures and institutions which, in her opinion, menaced Democracy was often abominably offensive. Anything more disagreeable than the earlier numbers of *Paul Pry* it would be hard to find in print.

Ann Royall sadly lacked the training of the schools. Her mental faculties has been sharpened by constant use, but they were never disciplined. She lacked poise and coherency. Her points were seldom arranged in a way to secure an effective climax. There is an undue proportion of chaff to wheat in all her writings. But the wheat is *there*. Even now, Mrs. Royall's diatribes concerning long dead issues hold a reader's attention. When those issues were alive and burning curiosity was widespread, says one of her contemporaries, "to see what the irrepressible Mrs. Royall would say next." Every legislator of her era who kept his ear to the ground knew that Mrs. Royall's influence was not to be despised. Her books and papers reached every city, town and village of the United States. They were read alike by friend and foe. They influenced that most important class, in any age or country, the free-thinking minority of to-day, which is sure to become the majority of to-morrow. It is well to remember, also, that Ann Royall worked by sheer force of her individuality. She had neither youth, beauty nor grace to aid her.

Mrs. Royall lacked spiritual insight, calm judgment, culture and the tact that comes from habitual association with the gently-bred. In many respects she was the child of her time—a period of national swagger in the United States, of unspeakably bad art and manners, of provincial thought and prejudice, of acrimonious discussion and disagreeably insistent, though deep and sincere, patriotism. The significant thing about her—what makes her worth remembering—is the fact that, though typical of her time, she yet both in her private and public life often rose above the standards and practice of her time.

In her private life Ann Royall obeyed the precepts of the founder of that Christianity which she was ac-

cused of denying. She visited those who were sick and in prison; out of her scanty means, no less than in the days of her abundance, she fed the hungry and clothed the naked; she gave shelter to the homeless widow and orphan and took the outcast Magdalen to her arms.

Patriotism was the ruling passion of Ann Royall's life. A map of the United States filled the whole field of her mental vision. Born into the horrors of border strife, she witnessed three wars and anxiously watched the black clouds gathering for a fourth. The loyal, proud and loving allegiance of a lifetime is expressed in her last yearning cry, "I pray that the Union of these States may be eternal!"

The jeers of her enemies have pursued Ann Royall beyond the grave. Only one good word has been spoken for her by any modern writer. But that good word comes from a high source—from the accomplished scholar to whom, while other librarians come and other librarians go, the beautiful, great Library of Congress on Capitol Hill in Washington will ever remain a fitting and deserved monument—AINSWORTH SPOFFORD.

In a valuable article on "Early Journalism in Washington," Dr. Spofford says of Mrs. Royall:

"That she was regarded as a horrid creature by many is most true. But it is equally true that Ann Royall had many friends wherever she went, and that she was not without kindness and even charity. The world's judgment of erratic persons who become prominent in any age is apt to be severe. But a more impartial judgment holds in fair balance the good and the evil in human character, and refuses to condemn too harshly the struggling and industrious woman who, in a ruder age than ours, conquered adversity and ate her hard-earned bread in the sweat of her brow."